

The Evening World.

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THE WRECKERS.

A VERY important industry to New York City, involving \$100,000,000 of business and 60,000 persons, is again in critical position through failure of negotiations between the cloak, suit and skirt manufacturers and their employees. Many of the questions in dispute have been settled. The disagreement now is over the proposition of workers to have an outside delegate adjust disputes over piece work prices in shops.

The manufacturers would do well to consult with employers in other lines who have had satisfactory relations with business agents representing employees before condemning and rejecting the plan. If they do they will find a much more reasonable state of affairs in those trades than has prevailed in their own.

To an outsider it would appear that the manufacturers are using poor judgment in selecting the method of adjusting piece prices as the point of irreconcilable difference. The details of such wage scales are many and complicated. During the few months of operations under the so-called protocol there were 306 shop strikes. Presumably many of these were caused by efforts to adjust the piece prices under the old system. With frequent changes in styles there must be many modifications and changes in scales.

For practical purposes and effective results it seems apparent that the system proposed by the union of having an expert delegate arrange these intricate questions with the manufacturer is much more reasonable than to attempt dealing with the whole body of employees through viva voce vote or even by a committee of workers.

If the manufacturers are wise and wish to be fair, they will not reject the delegate plan.

A business agent who understands his trade and his followers is a far more satisfactory person to deal with than a group of employees or a committee or even a direct representative from the union chapel. He usually is widely informed. He is accustomed to compromises. He can see both sides, something which the workman or his direct representative cannot always do.

Any piece work system requires careful watching by the employees. Manufacturers are prone to resent the earning of large wages by a skillful workman and aim to cut him down to ordinary wages.

Many a good man has been discouraged and driven from employment by pennywise employers when he was making money for them as well as for himself.

Public sentiment will not long tolerate a trade condition such as this strike or lockout involves. The employees are ready to submit their contentions to arbitration. Sensible manufacturers surely cannot afford to do less.

Only the obstinate prefer ruin to reconciliation. Only the blind prefer to see lives, homes, business and happiness lost before they are willing to make a concession. Only the foolish prefer to be wreckers rather than builders for mutual profit and welfare. There are ways in trade more destructive than strikes.

FOLLY.

THE revolt of the thirteen American colonies received its greatest impetus from British restrictions on trade. Now again there come Orders in Council boycotting specified New York firms and forbidding any one under the Crown from trading with them.

Doubtless under interpretations of law the English Government will assert the right to regulate trading conditions within its own boundaries. It had the right in 1776, but how foolish was the policy.

Things are somewhat different in the thirteen American colonies now. In case of necessity we might do a little regulating and restricting on our own account. We might, for instance, begin with the supply of American dollars.

WHAT PUBLICITY CAN DO.

SEVERAL affidavits produced by The Evening World in connection with shameful neglect of infantile paralysis victims by an ambulance surgeon and a policeman in Brooklyn resulted in quick awakening and vigorous action by Mayor Mitchell after department officials had sneered at news reports as a joke.

Since its first edition The Evening World has devoted its efforts to rendering public service. Championing the cause of the weak never had a more striking illustration than its exposure of the inhuman treatment accorded these baby sufferers. The light of publicity never disclosed more plainly attempts at official concealment.

Deputy Commissioner Billings, in charge of the Health Department of Brooklyn, still tries to excuse the affair as "a case of carelessness." With such officials in charge a few suspensions and removals higher up might be of benefit to the public health and public service.

Pitiless publicity is no joke, as negligent public officials now must realize.

Letters From the People

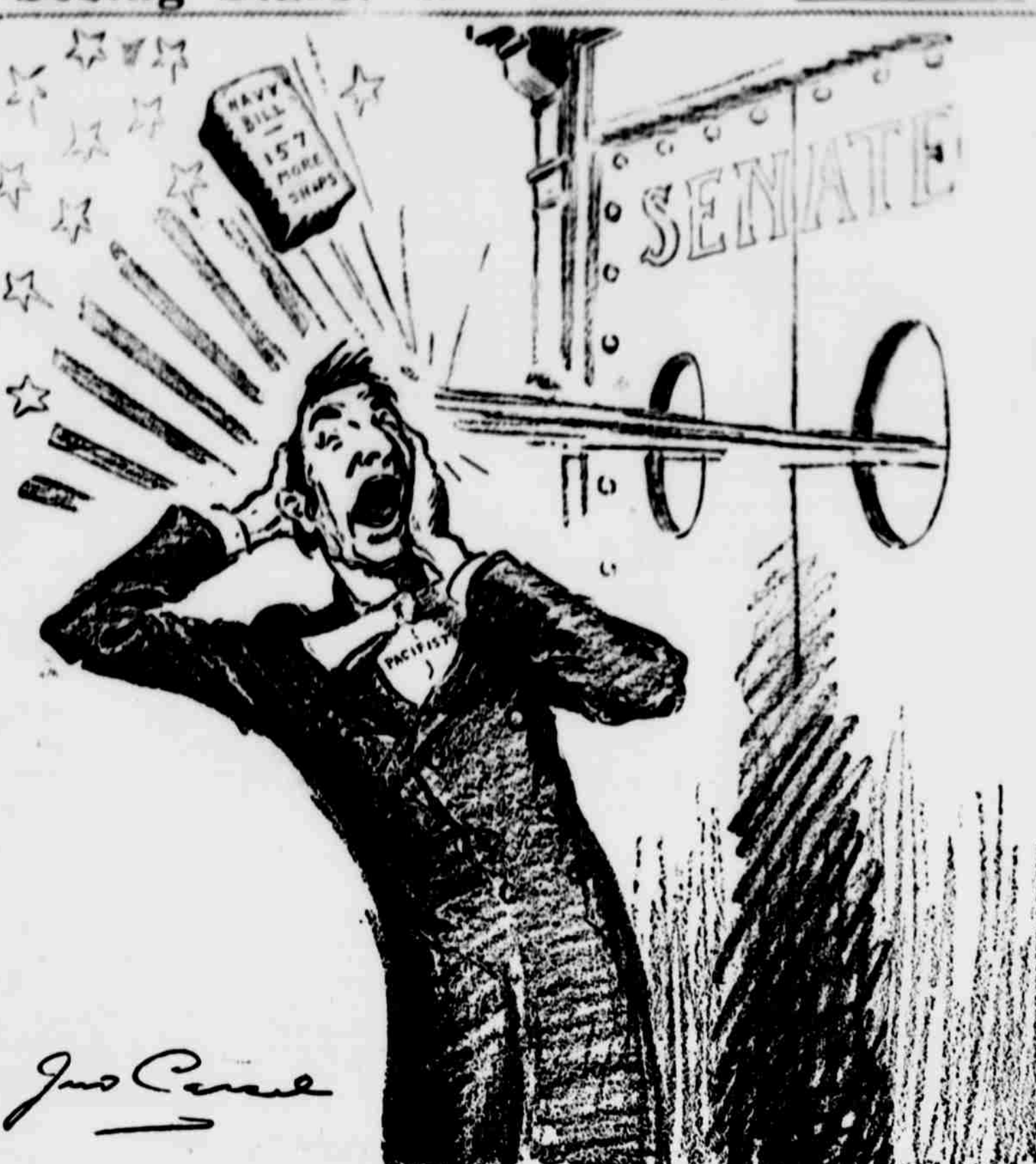
Appreciation.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
On behalf of the Civic Orchestra Society, I wish to thank you heartily for the excellent editorial in your issue of July 17, in which you bestow praise and encouragement upon our efforts to give the city and its visitors good orchestral music during the summer.

The support of The Evening World means a great deal to us in this work, which is not without its difficulties.
MARATHA MAYNARD,
Secretary Civic Orchestra Society.

A Deceased Germ Carrier.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
It may be of interest at this time to call attention to one very likely carrier of the scourge which is

menacing our country to-day. I refer to a recent article in the Medical Record in which Dr. J. V. Manning speaks of the discovery by Dr. D. T. Verbitski, the Russian investigator. The latter demonstrated clearly that the bed bug could transmit the germs of bubonic plague as readily as the flea. By its bite it carries directly to the human system, and its mangled body on the bed sheet can keep alive for months the germ in all its virulence.
Among the diseases which are transmitted by this insect are infantile paralysis, measles, small-pox and the disease may be carried by this bug from house to house, State to State. It might be well to consider the above facts. E. T. SCHOONMAKER,
South Orange, N. J.

Seeing Stars!



The Expensive Funeral

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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THE other day a little baby died of the dread disease, infantile paralysis. The family is a very poor one.

There are four other children, and it is with difficulty that the small earnings of the father make both ends meet. This family is still paying instalments on household goods, and yet the funeral for that little baby was as expensive as one that might have been conducted for a family of fortune on Fifth Avenue.

It will take these people a long, long time to pay the last payment of that funeral. In the mean time there will be sacrifices and saving in order to do it.

The little ones will have to do without many necessary things so that the dead one may repose in a high priced coffin in a graveyard.

To be frank, it is a foolish folly—a far-fetched sentiment that ought to be overcome.

While everybody naturally wants to reverence their dead and to pay respect, especially unto the last, yet it is nearly approaching an outrage to allow such superstitiousness to overbalance reason.

It is unfair to burden an entire family with the weight of a high funeral debt. How much better for the family mentioned to use the money that is so hard earned for the education and betterment of the live children left behind.

The belief that one can only feel satisfied when they have "done all they can" for the departed, to ease their conscience by a large undertaking, is almost approaching hypocrisy.

I believe it is due to allowing too much sentimentality to sway at the immediate occasion of sorrow; the feeling of the hour to run away with sinner and more solid sense.

I know a family who went into debt for a funeral of a father who during his life exemplified the every-body-works-but-father-type. It took years for them to pay out of their low wages for "that fine coffin and those grand carriages."

They denied themselves necessities to pay that debt that constantly stared them in the face. They did it on the worn-out fallacy that "it is the last we can do for him."

When, in truth, the thing he would have least been the worry of paying for it.

Sometimes much of this is the undertaker's fault. He preys on those who are sorrow-stricken. Only last week a little boy was drowned. The father and mother are hard pressed in caring for three other tubercular children. Much of the time this family are objects of charity.

They live in the country, where there is only one undertaker in miles. This man took advantage of these people and has entered on his books a large sum of money for the burial of the boy, and it was the simplest kind of a funeral.

I have no words to express my condemnation for a man like this. It is almost like taking the life blood of the survivors. I know this family, and I am going to do my best to get

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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A WOMAN saves up her tears and her troubles until she can find a man's coat lapel to pour them out on, just as a man saves up his thirst until he can reach a nice cool cafe.

It isn't a man who has the audacity to pursue a woman that is really dangerous, but the man who has the sagacity to sit back and make her pursue him.

Alas! Any masculine creature with a straight nose and a clean collar looks just like a heaven-sent "affinity" to a girl after a few weeks at the average summer resort.

The woman who pays as much for her bathing suit as she would for a ball gown is either single and desperate or married and sorry.

A woman marries a man for the comfort of leaning on his manly strength—and then learns to love him for the boyish weaknesses which make him lean on her for comfort.

A man's subtle way of persuading a girl to do anything beneath her is to start out by telling her how far above such things he knows she is.

"Love me, love my dog," is a demand easy for a man to comply with when compared to the usual woman's ultimatum, "Love me, love my relatives!"

The average man sees no more reason for hanging around a woman after he has married her than a cat does for hanging around the kitchen after it has finished dinner.

A man can overlook all a woman's sins; it's her follies that disenchant him.

Rules for Good Salesmanship

(Excerpts from a series of addresses delivered at the World's Salesmanship Congress at Detroit.)

Salesman's Personality.

By Morris W. Ellis.

A SALESMAN'S personality is the biggest sort of an asset, for it becomes as fixed in the mind of a customer as a trade mark of some well advertised article.

One of the most important factors in the success of a salesman is his personality. A customer comes into the store and is approached by a salesman, and he is met with the remark: "Oh, I want to see Mr. Brown." The salesman says: "Mr. Brown, on some previous occasion, had so impressed that customer that when the customer again needed the same sort of services his mind unconsciously resorted to the previous occasion and the salesman who served him."

In other words, that salesman's personality so impressed the customer that it created a desire within him to renew a pleasant association. Even the most ordinary clerk can

that this fellow gets what is justly due him. I would like to see a law against undertakers like this who take advantage of those in distress. They certainly deserve punishment rather than payment. It would also

By J. H. Cassel

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THE "MOTHER'S BOY;" From the Arabic.

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NOW this is the tale of Nasif, the Bedouin. And for centuries it has been told at ten thousand desert campfires.

Nasif Ibn-Arak was the only son of his mother, who was the widow of Ali Haidi, the peerless desert warrior. When his father died in battle Nasif received but three legacies from the slain hero—all Haidi's curved Damascus sword, his steed, Aldebaran, and the echo of his name.

With these as his precious heritage, the lad abode in his mother's tent in the Bedouin tribe of El Kanah. And because he loved his mother with a loyal tenderness and because he wished to stay near her, to comfort her loneliness with his presence and to serve her in the household duties that were hers, Nasif soon became the laughing stock of the other youths of El Kanah.

When his mother lay ill, for example, he forebore to join the young men upon a treasure-seeking foray against a rich caravan. For he chose rather to sit beside the sick woman and to bathe her face and to sing her to sleep with the songs she loved—songs of his slain father—a gallant deed.

Whereat the very children of the camp laughed at him for a coward, and set the swiftest dogs upon him. And even the Sheikh spoke to him in stern rebuke, since it is not well that a man should let his career be hampered by any woman.

Then at last came a day when Nasif's mother was recovering from her illness and when all the bitter taunts of the tribesfolk were as nothing to him in his joy that Allah the Compassionate had spared her dear life to him.

And on the same day the men of El Moghrif (the hereditary enemies of Nasif's tribe) marched in battle against the camp of El Kanah. The Sheikh of El Kanah divided his tribesmen in two parties, the weaker to guard the camp, the stronger to go forth to battle against the foe. And Nasif was added to stay with those who should guard the camp. He brought leave to go forth with the warriors. But the Sheikh made answer:

"You are but a boy of sixteen years. Not until your beard is grown long and thick enough to hold my iron beard comb can you fight amid my men-at-arms."

Then Nasif snatched up the heavy beard comb and he drove it deep into his beardless chin, saying:

"See, oh Sheikh! My beard holds the great comb without support." And the Sheikh was well pleased at his wit and courage and bade him go forth to battle along with the warriors.

But when the warriors beheld Nasif among them, his father's sword in his hand, they laughed aloud and said to him:

"Go back to your mother, weeping! Go back to your mother!" Nasif did not reply to their gibes, though his heart was as fire within his breast. For it is written that an unproven boy shall not speak save with respect to bearded men. So in silence he mounted his father's horse and took his place in the ranks.

In the battle that day Nasif Ibn-Arak with his father's blade slew twelve men of El Moghrif, including their Sheikh himself, and he captured single handed the sacred banner of the foe, and by his prowess he turned the tide of battle so that the men of El Kanah fled.

Then, bleeding from fifty deep wounds, he spoke to the warriors of El Kanah, saying:

"Now I will 'go back to my mother,' as ye bade me!" And, riding into camp, he died within the hour at his weeping mother's feet.

Doing is the great thing. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.—RUSKIN.

Lucille the Waitress

By Bide Dudley

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"YOU know, kid," said Lucille the waitress, as she moved the sugar bowl toward the newspaper man, "it don't pay to take too much for granted."

"What's up now?" he asked.

"Why, I guess I made a fox pass to-day. I'm hard at work here when a yellow looking man comes in and takes a seat at the counter. He no more than gets his carcass comfortable when Lucille, the tow-head, hitches knees over from the pie counter and tells me to look out, that the new victim is a Mexican."

"Be careful," says Lucille. "That man may percolate you with a dagger."

"I give her the 'pooh pooh' and she goes back to her pie rather provoked at me not being elastic to her statement. I get an idea the minute Lucille beats it. Jim Walker, a chaffer friend of mine, went to Mexico with the army to kick about the food and such, and I got to wondering if this Mexican knew him. So up to him I go, not a bit timidified."

"Wahoo!" I says to him. "You know kid, I ain't up in Mexican. But I heard 'Wahoo' in a Wild West show once and had a certain sort of feeling the Mexican would get me. So I says 'Wahoo!' to him. He looks up and grins."

"Wahoo!" I says again. "Know Jim Walker, 'Wahoo!' You see, kid, it sort of give it a Western beginning and an ending."

"I see at once he don't get me. So I decide to reject a little more Western attitude into it. I look at him again and say: 'Wahoo, hiewie, hiewie, Jim Walker—drive chug-chug, Yankee Doodle, Mexicano—know him?'"

"Well, I never, kid! Here I was trying to talk Mexican to this man and all he could tell me was 'pie.' 'All right,' I says. 'I get apple pie; then Mexicano tell me about Jim Walker, American, chug, chug, big noisy guy!'"

"I go to Lucille's section and get quite a hunk of the apple pie, thinking maybe she will prove acceptable to his power of speech. I slip it to him and start quizzing him once more in Mexican."

"Wahoo, Jim Walker, go to Mexican. Chew heap big tobacco. Mexican gentleman know Jim, maybe?"

"Say, kid, I was flabbergasted. You can temporize how you'd 'at' felt, can't you? Well, that was exactly the way it got me. Here I am trying to be nice to this yellow gink and him saying, 'Mush!' I get mad."

"I hope," I says, "that the American go to the Mexican. I pound the stuffs out of the Mexicanos."

"I also, would be pleased to have such an occurrence take place," says the customer.

"Well, sir, it knocked me a-twister. 'Listen!' I says. 'Ain't you a Mexican?'"

"No, lady," he tells me. "I'm a Japanese who spend what means a fortune to them on a funeral."

Stories of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MR. JARR had a day off and the family were spending a day at the seaside.

"Now don't you go buying the children a lot of truck," said Mrs. Jarr when they arrived at their destination. "Willie always wants candy and popcorn and it always makes him sick."

"I don't! I want a balloon!" cried Willie.

"And I want a balloon, too!" cried little Emma.

"What do you want those balloons for?" asked Mr. Jarr. "They are not like the good old fashioned balloons they used to sell at the country fairs when I was a boy. Those were balloons! But these things they sell nowadays? Pooh! They are only blown up with air, and if they were not tied to the end of a wand they'd fall to the ground."

"I want a balloon!" shouted the boy. "I want a balloon!"

"And I want a balloon, too!" chimed in the little girl again.

"Didn't you hear me say just now they were no good?" asked Mr. Jarr. "It's a shame to throw away ten cents apiece on them. Wait till we get home and I'll put the money in your bank. Won't that be nice?" he added with a winning smile.

This did not appeal to the children at all. Mrs. Jarr administered a sound cuff to the boy and gave Mr. Jarr a withering glance all at the same time.

"I might have known how it would be," she began. "What enjoyment do I have when I go anywhere and have to drag these children? They have my heart broken the way they act."

Here she ceased her plaint and turned on Mr. Jarr.

"The poor children don't get out often and they have very few pleasures," she declared. "Here," she added, turning to the children, "even if your father won't buy anything for you, mamma will." And she opened her handbag and commenced to search in among the hairpins, notions, letters from friends, bills (betrayed by the envelopes and not yet opened), the keys of her bureau and closet doors, all carried religiously, although any one of the keys would open all the locks; some safety pins,

and the children demanded a ride upon it. Mr. Jarr, remembering the recent rebuke anent the balloons, immediately acceded to the request, whereupon Mrs. Jarr protested vigorously, declaring they had come down for a salt water bath, and now here Mr. Jarr was delaying everything and there would be no time for it.

"And all this week I've been wanting a dip in the ocean!" she declared. "I haven't been feeling well, and I know a salt water dip would do me good, but nobody cares for me or how I feel."

Finally the family party got to the beach, the little boy bragging loudly how he was going to swim right through the waves and the little girl crying because, as she declared, "Willie wants to take all the swims from me." But when the bathing suits were secured and put on the children, Willie contented himself with getting his ankles wet while the little girl screamed in mortal terror at every attempt of her father to get her in the water at all.

"I want you to teach me to swim," said Mrs. Jarr, when, after leading the children on the beach, she waded out two feet; "but don't leave go of my hand and the ropes and don't take me near those breakers."

"It isn't deep on the other side of the breakers," replied Mr. Jarr. "Come on out; you can't swim here."

"Yes, I can," said Mrs. Jarr; "and I want to be where I can hold the rope. Furthermore, I can feel an undertow, and, anyway, I don't intend to get my hair wet."

Mr. Jarr groaned and stood by.

And when she got home, Mrs. Jarr told all the neighbors that it was all nonsense to go away from town when you could take little trips to the sea-side. "Just one day," she said, "has done me and the children a world of good."

Electrical Egg Boiler That "Times 'Em."